

X Collection

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EX MAR 26  
1957

#252



Feb  
1957

W. A. F. A. Publication

Edited: Maud Curtis  
34 Rockyford Rd., N. E.  
Atlanta, Ga.

Geneva Davies  
534 N. McDonough  
Decatur, Ga.

# OPEN LETTER TO MARY LAVINA SILVIA

Your belated copy of THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET received. I have some suggestions for improvement:

1. A studied effort to improve your paper to where people will go thru the bundle to read it first.
- Less inflammatory editorials and MORE UP-LEFT.

Frankly, letters of this kind are not welcome. They defy my idea of charity or compassion. CHD.

## BIG BROTHER

God gave no man the right to say,  
"My way is right, the only way."  
As He gave birds their varied gifts  
So He endowed us:

Through the rifts  
Of storm beheld the eagle glide  
Thirlessly!

Fierce in pride,  
His hooded eyes miss no action  
That threatens his charge.

No faction  
However large, is free to breach  
Habits of others, nor to encroach  
Upon weaker brothers.

In this land  
Freedom is cherished - not contrabrand.

Dignity is not bound by words  
Nor color, nor creed.

Praying birds  
Cower beneath watchful eyes  
Of vigilant eagle high in the sky!

## PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE

Dear God:

Please teach me to remember  
Life is beautiful and gay;  
That somewhere in each moment  
Of every dreary day  
There lies one ray of sunshine  
That I'm too blind to see...  
That somewhere is an answer  
To pain and misery.

Please teach me to be patient  
Of things not understood;  
And know that all life's workings  
Can be a power for good...  
Let me love my neighbor  
No matter what he be,  
For such is all Your teaching  
To all who would be free.

continued next page

Hello, all you nice UnPhers. I hope you are all well and happy.

The few papers in The December and January Bundles were good and I enjoyed them, but what happened to the absent ones? Especially Chatterbox and The Men Says. They have always been so regular.

It makes one wonder if they were ashamed of this feuding that has been going on. If people HAVE to feud, they should do it person to person, not through the Bundle. The Bundle is a hobby and a sort of school for writers and would-like-to-be-writers.

So long as the material isn't subversive or obscene, and the member has paid his or her dues, his paper should be allowed in the Bundle. I do not think that politics or religion should be attacked in the bundles.

I believe in a free press and free speech, but I have a right to my own opinion, and it is too easy to turn the page if you get bored. Any writer should know that.

In an organization such as this we should devote ourselves to helping others to learn to write better, we should share our beautiful thoughts and -well be neighbors.

I am not mad at anyone, and I have no intention of siding with anyone. I simply say, concentrate on writing better papers, and forget the animosities.

If thoroughly enjoy those parts of the papers I read, but some of the papers that get involved in long arguments, I just skip over.

I want to welcome all new members. I also want to say that the St. Louis gang are prolific, and come through in a big way. The "Trio" from Ohio are doing all right, too.

I sure hope every one makes peace and that these papers get back in the Bundle, I miss them, but we do not have time for quarrelling in the UnPh. Hope to see you all in St. Louis in June, God bless you all! Maud.

## DOZENITIES

The blue expanse of sky  
The desert so barren and still  
And all the things that fly;  
The green meadows and yonder hill.

The mysteries of the sea  
And Christ on Calvary! (Maud)

MESS ENGER

OF

INSPIRATION

5-SEP-58

1958

#253

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 6

August 1958

Number 10

An Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN!

A small boy hurried home after witnessing a science demonstration in school. He announced he had made a tremendous discovery - "I need not worry about Mother's tears anymore - they are only salt and water, after all."

But he was wrong! Science examines a mother's tear and describes it in terms of physical structure - so much water, so much mucus, so much salt. But is that an adequate definition of a mother's tears? "No," replies religion. "There are feelings, emotions, values, meanings of mind, and heart, and soul, using the physical structure of tears!"

Religion evaluates these imponderables. It takes both science and religion to give an adequate definition of mother's tears! The things which can be seen and weighed and measured and analyzed - these are used in the great service of science. Yet faith, hope, love, sorrow and

*Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!*

#254

EMMA LAZARUS



5 - SEP - 3  
COPY 1958

63rd ANNIVERSARY CONVENTION

1897

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## United Amateur Press Association

Hotel Hamilton, Chicago, Ill.

July 23-27, 1958.

5-APR 11

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

\* \*

CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

\* ODDS AND ENDS \*

\* \*

Edward F. Daas, Publisher  
545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wis.

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Number Forty-Six

March 1958

The Co-operative publishers of this issue are:

Margaret J. Wiggins, 320 South Seneca Blvd., Daytona Beach, Florida  
 Ella Bartlett Dixon, 3518 North Frederic Avenue, Milwaukee 11, Wis.  
 Sonia Davis, 322 South Berendo Street, Los Angeles 5, California  
 Edward F. Doll, 264 East Fillmore Street, Elmhurst, Illinois  
 Nina Hard Crosby, 1874 North Raymond, Pasadena 3, California  
 Anita M. Cave, 1719 West Third Avenue, Stillwater, Oklahoma  
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You too, may become a co-operative publisher of this paper. The cost is \$2.00 per page or a dollar for a half page or less. Here you have an opportunity of getting your writing published quickly at a small cost. You may also become a co-operative publisher by contributing financially to the cost of the paper without sending a manuscript. We have over a hundred unpublished manuscripts on hand waiting for a sponsor.

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APRIL

The stream weaves along the green shore.  
 The branches are budding with a canopy fringe.  
 The buds in the darkness will welcome spring in.  
 The stars in the heavens look down from on high.  
 The sun in the morning is more high in the sky.  
 The cold days are gone with their chill and worry.  
 Creation is rushing April in like she too is in a hurry.

Anita Meltzer Cave

\* \* \* \*

## EASTER MOON

I like to think,  
 When I see the full moon at Easter,  
 That it is the Cup of our Lord  
 Set for all men to see,  
 But none may hold it  
 Ever, in his hands.  
 And, that we who vainly search  
 For the Sacred Chalice.  
 Here among men,  
 May, on Easter Eve  
 Through His amazing Grace  
 Look away from earth, to the sky  
 And adore the Holy Grail.

Margaret J. Wiggins

#256

MAY

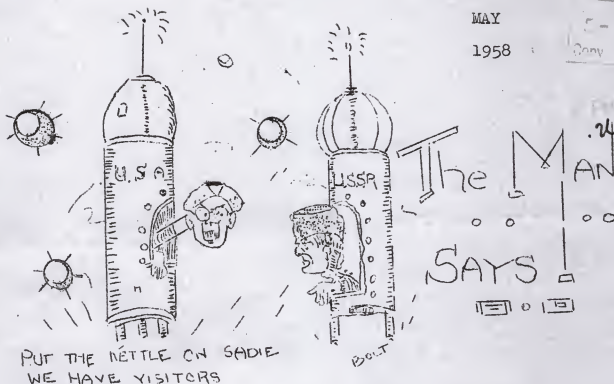
1958

5 - JUN - 4

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1958

P4827



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

## A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

The 193th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club<sup>b</sup> was held at the home of Ella Laufenberg on April 12th. Although the attendance of twelve was a good one it seemed small compared to the meetings of the four prior exceptionally large ones. Papers by Arnes and the two Irmas were read and received the usual constructive criticism. Irma Reitci's story, "Ambition Takes a Detour" has since been accepted by the New York News. Ella, as usual, served an excellent lunch. I had to explain to George that the bread-loaf sandwich was NOT a frosted cake! Since coming from Germany last August he has tasted many strange foods and he marvels at the quantity, quality and variety of foods served at the club meetings and the many

dinners he has had here. The meeting did not break up until near midnight.

The work on this month's bundle was almost too much for me. During the past year I have been overtired so when I went to my doctor for a check-up was shocked to be told that I had to undergo surgery. So I will spend two weeks or more in a hospital bed during which time I will get a much needed rest. Mail may be sent to me at the above address and it will be brought to me at the hospital. by George. When necessary, Irma will reply to letters. I now have the mimeograph in my room, and God willing, may be able to do some of the work on the June Bundle during my convalescence.

George cut the stencils for this month's mailing envelope and THE MAN SAYS. The mast-head for my paper was drawn by Frederick

Step Outside

#257

JUN - 4

of your troubles

SEE IF IT ISN'T SO

IF you write about your troubles, it does you no good. If you make fun of the mess you're in, it helps a little. BUT, if you step outside and write about things completely divorced from your unhappy predicament, the therapeutic benefits of writing are great. When you forget yourself, you find that "the world is so full of a number of things" and you get to know so many wonderful people.

\* \* \* \* \*

DREAM FLOWERS

We do not dream in technicolor according to an article by a dream specialist. My friend, Gertie, says that may be true, but she sees colors in her dreams. "The backgrounds of places are mousy gray," she explains, "but I see pinpoints of color--like beautiful flowers."

In her latest color dream, she was out at their summer cottage. Right on the dividing line between their property and the place next door, she saw two bright pink, daisy-like flowers. "Now," she said, "if I had seen the beautiful cardinal flower that those neighbors dug up across the lake years ago and transplanted in the marsh in front of their shack, I could understand it. But no flowers ever grew where I saw my dream flowers."

But she had seen that same shade of pink shortly before her dream. She washed that day. As she hung up two flannel nightdresses, she said to herself, "Holy cats! These nightshirts sure are a gaudy pink when they're wet!"

\* \* \* \* \*

F.M.C.

JUNE CAKE

Pick butter-and-eggs around sunny old stumps  
Adding milkweed, long-stemmed, in ruddy clumps.  
Let this be sweetened with the honey and fume  
Of pink wild roses--so abundant in June.  
For a bit of spice, put in green meadow-rue  
And gay purple vetch with its lacy vines too.  
Wild babies'-breath instead of flour is used-  
With its tiny, white stars let the mixture be fused.  
This kind of dainty will not need a leaven  
As lightness in flowers is seen to in Heaven.  
May this all be stirred by a gentle south breeze,  
Baked in the sun and tasted by bees.

Printed June '57 in "Ludington, Mich. Florence M. Cox  
Daily News"

PLEASE TURN TO THE OTHER SIDE TO READ ELLA LAUFENBERG'S  
"GROWING TIME IS A BLACK-EYED SUSAN PATCH"



# YOURS TRULY

## THE ROCKFORD WRITERS' GUILD

#253

5-JUN-4  
COPY 1954

Vol. 9 No. 6 Howard White, Ed., 423 Rome Ave., Rockford, Ill. April, 1958

TO THE LAIRD  
O' THISTLEDOON*Malcolm McFadyen*

You are a molder of candles, Mac,  
And a weaver of woolen stoles;  
But whatever the hobby at which you bend,  
You are thinking of mortals' souls.

Your Scottish sufferance served you, Mac,  
When polio came to rob;  
And when you were docked a nickel, friend,  
When you went to change your job.

For some people take advantage, Mac,  
Of a slender, orphaned lad;  
But you can show them a manor, now,  
For which we are very glad.

You are a molder of ideas, Mac,  
And a weaver of dreams of truth;  
And you are a writer of verse and quip  
That glow with eternal youth.

--Ann Marshall Wiley.

Miss Nell Barton Hall passes from our midst in death. She was among the first, as a Junior High teacher of English, to find in me an aptitude I did not know I had, resulting for me in many years of enjoyment and satisfaction. I am always grateful for this insight.

Sometimes she had a wistful, lonely lot; so I am glad that she was not unaware, through her many students and friends, of her own intellectual fruitfulness.

--Howard W. White.

### BIRDS AND BLOSSOMS

A lovely sight for all to see - *u*  
Song birds, and blossoms, in a tree;  
Hope springs eternal in our breasts  
As song birds, in their colored vests  
Flit here and there so sociably  
And plan for their next family.

--Luman Wesley Colton.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS

The monthly program meeting of the Rockford Writers' Guild for April will be held in the conference room of the Rockford Public Library on North Wyman St., on Monday, April 21, at 7:00 p. m. Mrs. Genie Straw of Dixon, Ill., will be in charge of the program. As part of her program she will play a recording of one of the lectures given at the Green Lake writers' conference last year. This will prove to be both interesting and informative to all members who are able to come.

Mrs. Evelyn Boettcher and Mrs. Caroline Robertson are collaborating in the preparation of this month's radio program. The theme will be April and Spring. Be sure to listen to the program which will be given over W R O K on April 24th, Thursday evening at 8:30.

The Poetry Roundtable continues to meet every Monday night in the Library.

### AN APPRECIATION

From one with opportunity  
And time for study, now I see  
How very thankful we should be  
That public libraries are free;

And free, indeed, are we  
To patronize them. . . all agree  
That we alone are losers, if it be  
That we have overlooked our library!

--Florence A. Bailey.

### NOTE:

COME & HEAR  
the last re-  
corded lec-

ture given by Margaret Lee Runbeck at the Green Lake Writers' conference! --Ed.



\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* P E G S \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

"All words are pegs to hang ideas on."  
-- Henry Ward Beecher

5-SEP-59  
COPY 1958  
#289

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

August 1958.

Publisher: Alice Julian, 4203 N. Winchester Ave., Chicago 13, Ill.

With this issue, "PEGS" makes its initial appearance in the UAPA Bundles. Successive numbers will materialize as time allows.

X-PN4827

POSTSCRIPTS TO THE 1958 CONVENTION

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I immensely enjoyed meeting with those who attended our recent Chicago Convention in any or all of its exciting phases. What VIBRANT and FRIENDLY PEOPLE are ajayers! Here are "samplings" of my impressions: The two business meetings, not a bit "cut and dried", but WORTHWHILE and really special...Literary Tea given by Paul Pross, REFRESHING in more ways than one -- GREAT TALENTS evidenced by each member giving a lovely poem or story.... Bill Ellis presenting thoughts with DEEP MEANING, and bubbling with warm and gentle humor... A fine group of people active in the Alice Gerstenberg Experimental Theater, giving DRAMATIC FLOURISH to an evening's entertainment...Beautiful singing of Irma Schmidt and Elizabeth Reitel providing MUSICAL HIGHLIGHTS... Otto Anderson introducing the program in his good, INIMITABLE way... "The Lone Performer" holding an audience SPELLBOUND...Memorial Luncheon (and thanks to our absentee hostess, Grace Moss Weitman), a PERFECT cuisine plus PLEASANT comradeship...BEAUTY OF UAPA SPIRIT throughout the Convention, coming to a grand finale on Banquet night... Extemporaneous "SPEECHES" so clever...Alice Gerstenberg, our renowned guest speaker, giving us a PRECIOUS FORMULA for getting that writing DONE!

A HEARTY THANKS to all who made this Convention such a memorable one...CHEERS to Paul Pross, our new president, for having done the honors as program chairman, to the n'th degree...SINCERE APPRECIATION to Bill Ellis, past-president, to Eddie Deas, our faithful secretary over the years, and to ALL who diligently fulfilled their duties, up and down the ranks, to make UAPA what it is today.

If you were unable to be at the 1958 Convention, MAY YOU HAVE THE GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY in 1959, when it convenes in Youngstown, Ohio.

AMATEUR JOURNALISM IS SOMETHING TO GLOW ABOUT:  
LET'S MAKE OUR LIGHT SHINE FAR AND WIDE!

Yours in fellowship,

Alice Julian

Dear Fellow Members of U.A.P.A.:

I feel honored, having been elected First Vice-President of this fine organization, and want you to know I shall do my best in the duties of that office. If there is anything I can do in assisting others towards recruiting new members, please call on me. I shall be glad to help in any way possible.

Alice Julian

5-JUL 21

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION  
  
Grace M. Weitman, Publisher  
994 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 26, New York  
  
Number Ninety-Two June 1958

RECONCILED

Let us be reconciled today  
With all the nations far away.  
Come out and join in peace,  
Let the bombing forever cease,  
Turn the atomic to better ways  
So all may enjoy happy days.  
Across the ocean to the other side;  
Let God forever be your guide.

Forgive and rejoice all together,  
Rejoice, rejoice all together;  
Be reconciled in heavenly peace  
So we may forever be at ease.

Mae B. VanZandt

\*\*\*\*\*

GIVE LOVE

Give love the tempest of tornado's night  
That it may hurl a hurricane of flame  
To shatter all the hopelessness of fright  
And be a trumpet storm of love's sweet name.  
Give love the all embracing breast of sea  
That it may hold forever ebbing tide  
And let the valiant sailor, fearless be,  
To chart his love with dreams that never died.  
Give love the stars and infinities of space  
That it may fly and make the winds its nest  
To clothe the sunshine in its lovely face  
And make of wings a loving place to rest.  
Give love the faith of mother loving earth  
That it may reap a harvest, day by day,  
And be a fulgid torch from destined birth  
And be the words that teach us how to pray.  
Give love the hope that shall not suffer fear  
That it may never waver with hate and fraud,  
And let there be a rainbow in each tear  
For love is born within the grace of God.

Anthony Cama

5-SEP-9  
Conv 1958

#251

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

X-FN4827

Grace M. Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Ninety-Four

August 1958

DEMOLITION CORPS

There's an organized body of kids,  
Known as the demolition corps,  
Whose chief interest seems to be  
Engaging me in a war.  
A war against muddy footprints on the rugs,  
To keep fruit jars emptied of bugs,  
To keep laces in shoes and buttons on shirts,  
To guard against bumps, bruises and hurts,  
To keep them dressed, warm and well fed,  
And get them, at a reasonable hour, into bed.  
But just when I think the battle has been won  
I find the corps has been busy and again  
My war has begun.

Virginia A. Hahn

Mrs Sally O'Rear, 2805 36th Street, Snyder, Texas. Birthplace, Oklahoma. Birthday, March 24th. Married. Has had a poem in the National Anthology for the last five consecutive years. This year a lyric in Wings and one in The Prairie Poet and Memorial pages for three annuals. She writes: "The Good Lord did not bless us with children so we just borrow our friends' children, now and then. I began teaching school before I was old enough to sign contracts, legally. I have taught for twenty-umph years. I have taught music, art, drama, speech and English. At present I am senior English teacher (one of them) in Snyder High School. My vocation is teaching and my avocation is music--I play the piano, organ and rimbaphone. I design and make dresses for a college girl each year. I paint the photographs of my so-called "adopted" boys and girls. Since last year, my greatest emotional outlet is the writing of verse. I enjoy teaching my pupils how to do creative writing. In the past four years several have won cash essay awards; one a \$300. scholarship; eight have won \$25.00 government bonds. Each year some ten to fifteen have had essays in the National High School Anthology, called YOUNG AMERICA SPEAKS. We do better than that in poetry; from 1/4 to 1/3 have poems in the corresponding National High School Anthology called YOUNG AMERICA SINGS. In 1949 my high school choral of Oklahoma won first in state. The same year I directed the district winners in the one act play. The group was tired of going to contests and begged off from entering state. I decided that directing music was for the young. I then ceased being "Mommie O'Rear" and became "that hard teacher". Teachers of English have always been the most unpopular teachers on a campus, or so I have noticed ever since I was high school student."

## \*\*\*\*\* U A F A C O M M E N T S \*\*\*\*\*

from the "hot under the collar" editor - Wilfried Myers, 69 Walnut St.  
Struthers, Ohio

Volume V

October 1958

Number 1.

If you wish to reply, or to agree, by commenting on these lines yourself, do it in your own paper-or- ODDS AND ENDS, now! Much later we may throw these columns open to your comments. However, for now --

WE WISH TO COMMENT ON SEVERAL ITEMS ABOUT WHICH WE HAVE BEEN DOING much thinking since our entry into organized amateur journalism in 1952.

From October 1954 to September 1955 we issued twelve numbers of UAPAA COMMENTS. One of the prominent UAPA members, officer and all that, had asked to assume the title with our October 1955 issue. We consented to the change. After waiting for several months for their Volume II, Number 1 to appear we got so busy that we even had to place THE BOYS HERALD on a yearly basis.

However, we have a trifle more time, now, and so we expect to issue UAPA COMMENTS, again. As can be seen from the foregoing, no Volumes II, III or IV appeared - for those who are filing their amateur papers. This was originally written in April, with the second revision and typing in September. So, maybe, we do not have the time now!

IN OUR PREVIOUS VOLUME WE WROTE ABOUT SUCH CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECTS as Censorship in UAPA, amateur counterparts of Professional Papers, raise in UAPA dues, lack of appreciation of the average member, laureates, a UAPA Board of Directors, Poetry emphasis in UAPA, non-publishers publishers as officers, scatter the annual conventions (Welcome to Ohio in 1959!) a Confederation of amateur journalism clubs and Printing laureates in UAPA.

If you note, these are all controversial subjects and many a time we took the unpopular end of the argument. However, we never ceased to be amazed at the lack of response in view of these same controversial aspects and our stand on them.

This was another of the reasons that we so willingly relinquished the title to another UAPA member (officer) who, evidently, even lacked the interest to continue it!

THESE LINES BRING US TO THE PRIME REASONS FOR RESUMING PUBLICATION with a Volume V, Number 1! We have two (or should we say three) things we just have to get "off our chest!" in addition to the above. 7 papers in the July Bundle, 11 in August, 11 to 13 in May and June. UAPA'S Bundle IS the lowest since we joined in 1951. (44 in December of 1951!) Maybe it is time that somebody write something more than generalities.

The February 1958 Bundle saw the appearance of our second issue of GIRLDOM....."Volume 1, Number 2 (New Series)", or, "Volume LVIII, Whole Number 15, March 1958" as we labeled it on the front and rear covers in black. It cost us \$37.50 in cold, hard cash (almost 16¢ a copy) from a school teacher's meager salary to place GIRLDOM in the Bundle. It was a labor of love (From the following it would have to be!) and we enjoyed doing it. But, let us read further to see what happened next to warrant this issue of UAPA COMMENTS.

APR 1957

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5 - MAR 12  
COPY 1959

U. A. P. A. C O M M E N T S

from the progressive editor - Wilfred Myers, 69 Walnut Street,  
Spartanburg, S.C.  
Volume V, Number 3 December 1956 Whole Number 15

If you wish to reply, or to agree, by commenting on these lines your-  
self, do it in your own paper - GIRLDOM AND GROWTH. Now! Much later  
we may throw these columns open to you again. However, for now -

THE FIRST REQUISITE, AS WE HAVE SAID, OF A UTOPIAN LAUREATE SYSTEM  
IS ITS UNIVERSALITY. Everything, but EVERYTHING! in the monthly  
Bundles is considered. There is no necessity for the creator, or  
the publisher, to sort and pick and enter items to be considered  
for the annual Laureate Contest.

In teaching High School Journalism and entering the work of my  
students in various competitions, I found that too much depended on  
the judges' individual tastes. (And, we got our share of national  
awards, including a Gallup Award, so this is not "sour grapes".)  
I would pick what I considered an outstanding story and often the  
judge would select a winning entry from another type or style that  
an unsubmitted story in our paper bettered. So, if everything is  
considered - at least the best in the opinion of that particular  
judge is chosen!

Also, if the Recorder checks winning lists - he will do away with  
the duplication that is plaguing one of our sister groups as well as  
the giving of awards to a non-member that is plaguing another! In  
the first case, again this year one entry was judged the winner in  
two different categories and the club was fortunate that the faux pas  
was caught at the Convention and the judge was willing to reappraise  
the particular classification.

However, enough of this for a resume of our Utopian Laureate  
Program series to date. On to our third big idea!

I BELIEVE FOR MORE EQUALITY IN ALL TYPES OF LAUREATE COMPETITION  
that we should inaugurate two main divisions in our UAPA Laureate  
Contests.

I believe that all entries should be judged either under a Printed  
or a Duplicated classification! I know that this will, again, be  
more work for those concerned. But, if it proves worthwhile, most just  
and equitable, and arouses more interest on the part of UAPA members,  
wouldn't the additional work really pay dividends in an improved club  
and more interest in the field of amateur journalism?

I'll enlarge on these benefits, later. Right now, let us look at  
the proposed two main divisions.

THE MAIN REASONS FOR DIVIDING PUBLICATIONS INTO TWO CLASSIFICATIONS  
CAN BE BRIEFLY LISTED AS FOUR:

1. It costs more to prepare, print and mail one page of GIRLDOM  
than for two pages (one issue) of UAPA COMMENTS. Should this paper,  
then, be considered on the same level as GIRLDOM?



WHEELING IN THE NEWS  
THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ISSUE  
MAY-JUNE, 1958

Ann S. Wiestling  
1110 National Road  
Wheeling, West Virginia

Eva R. Hartley  
120 Washington Avenue  
Wheeling, West Virginia

5-JUL 21  
#264

Miss Betty Tousch thanks all members who sent cards and letters during her illness. Her health is not much improved according to last report. We expect a new message to bring better news.

Some of you will remember Mrs. J. E. Wolfe, Cambridge, Ohio, who joined about a year ago. Here is one of her short poems:

SPRING

Strong winds  
came trocking  
the garden today  
flocking the grassos,  
raking  
the orchards  
taking up  
pollen and perfume  
and shaking  
the dew  
from the cups  
of the crocus  
into the saucers  
of Spring. -- Helen Wolfe

ETERNAL SPRING

Spring, eternal spring  
Will arrive on wing -  
Resurrect the earth  
With a budding mirth.

Birds will pipe their lays,  
Bills will rush to praise  
Mirrored sapphire skies, -  
Spirit pulse will rise. . .  
-- Jennie Claire Ulan

SPANISH OMELET

Beat four brown eggs to a yellow fluff  
Four tablespoons of milk is enough,  
Add salt and pepper; a hunk of butter  
In a hot skillet will sizzle, sputter.  
Slip pan in the oven to brown just right  
Spanish omelet is good to the last bite.

\*\*\*

Daddy twirls the mixing spoon  
His softened hands a tremble  
Mother will be Mayor soon  
Then Dad must wear the thimble.  
-- Eva R. Hartley

AN ANAPEST TO A CANINE

Some say Love is selfishness; I will never agree  
For it asks not a favor, it makes no decree,  
And it's loss for itself that it wants its love close  
Than to give happiness which it can't diagnose.  
Among our kin and our friends we will seek it although  
We admit, to ourselves, this type Love does not grow.

Well, now where can we find such a treasure to blossom,  
And then, how may we hope to be happy unless  
We can have this rich Love we have spoken of here  
To be held and to cherish among things we call dear?  
And just where are these virtues that we catalogue?  
In the rollicking, rapturous heart of a dog?  
--Ann S. Wiestling

IN MAY

We have June, the month of roses  
Extolled for years and years,  
We have April's timid sunshine  
And hours of rainy tears,  
But give me May with singing birds  
Whose songs delight our listening ears.

Our first two months are icy  
Then March blows out the cold;  
July's days were hot and sunny,  
In August thunder rolled.  
But May finds migratory friends  
Returned to chorus and wrens to scold.

In September bugs are shrilling  
October frost brings rest,  
While the next two months are autumn,  
Each day seems gloomiest,  
But we can still recall May days  
When the thrush's song is loveliest.  
--Ann S. Wiestling



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Eva R. Hartley  
120 Washington Avenue  
Wheeling, West Virginia

WHEELING IN THE NEWS  
THE TWENTY-NINTH ISSUE  
JULY-AUGUST, 1958

Ann S. Wiestling  
1410 National Road  
Wheeling, West Virginia

We have just returned from the UAPA Convention in Chicago. We met Wednesday night in the apartment of Paul Pross and Otto Anderson - 19 of us - for a "Get Acquainted" party. We had just that, while eating, and drinking punch.

Paul, our new President, makes one feel at ease in any situation. If you have a UAPA problem, Paul will help you solve it. He and Otto were wonderful hosts.

Wed. P. M., Ann and I were in the Hotel Lobby, looking at the yellow sheet which came in the Bundle (the program) and two ladies rushed up to us. They were the Editors, with Pearl Thomas, of JERSEY JINGLE BELLES, Frances Lois Vaughn and Kathleen Haley. The three of them are just as full of fun and nice ideas as their paper indicates. Please read their paper!

Alice Julian was one person I knew without introduction. I learned to know her through letters and poems. She and Aloise Tracy are lovely people to eat and talk with - very thoughtful and entertaining.

Ruth Gavin was an interesting person. Hazel Fraysee, an artist, passed some of her work around at the Literary Tea. Paul told us to be proud of our talents as writers. (The cake and punch were delicious.) Bea Winkler, with the sparkling eyes and good poems read first! (Thanks for the card, Bea.) She promised to publish. Maybe some of you new members would like a column in her paper. How about it, Bea?

Eddie Daas knows just who has met whom and thus we meet the new people. Sorry I cannot mention more. You must come to a Convention to really enjoy UAPA. The banquet was fine - a splendid talk - about fifty there. But the business meetings, where we talk things over together, help us to know each other better.

Coming home, Ann and I saw Eileen Fields and talked to Paul Suter (by phone). Eileen is a lovely person. She knows Paul and they are anxious to make the Convention a success next year. We find many names who live close to Youngstown. Read Ann's column. See you there next year. I also want to thank everyone for my Birthday cards received before the Convention.

--Eva R. Hartley

Dear U.A.P.A.:--

This year's Convention is past and a good time was had by all lucky enough to be there. Now it is time to think about the next Convention site. I shall try to answer a few questions that were raised in Chicago.

Youngstown is easy of access from all directions and in many ways. It is the only inland city between New York and Chicago where four trunk lines meet: New York Central, Erie, Baltimore and Ohio, and the Pennsylvania. In addition to these connections over four other lines are to be had. Bus and express service join Youngstown to all geographic sections of the United States.

United, Capital and Lake Central Airlines use the Municipal Airport to carry passengers and freight from coast to coast. Other Airports are also available.

Those who wish to come in their own cars will be delighted to find connecting Turnpikes all the way from the Atlantic Coast to Chicago with two inter-changes serving Youngstown. Other roads, often nearly as good, are available in all directions.

There are several comfortable, centrally located hotels at reasonable cost and many motels (AAA approved) within 10 to 20 minutes of the heart of the city.

Other motels, not approved, but still good, are available. (We never have, but might it not be possible to reserve an entire motel of suitable size, for the Convention?)

Here I am out of space and lots more good news to tell about Youngstown, Ohio. All I can say is "to be continued in our next" issue.

--- Ann S. Wiestling

#265  
5-SEP-9  
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## A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS  
THE THIRTIETH ISSUE  
SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER ISSUEEva R. Hartley  
120 Washington Ave.  
Wheeling, West VirginiaAnn S. Wiestling #266  
1410 National Road  
Wheeling, West Virginia

We have received the August Bundle and were delighted with the new publications. Alice Julian is always surprising us with something and this time it was PGS.

STEPPING STONES by Amabel L. Bolt was very interesting. We are glad she is back.

REMINISCENCE by Sally O'Rear was refreshing. Come again, Sally, even if school does keep. Was glad to hear from you direct. Thanks, Irma Schmidt, for your card and greetings. You never forgot us. Your SHORT AND SWEET, though not now, was delightful reading. Improving every month.

Grace Weitman, we thank you for the delicious Convention luncheon. We hope you will be there in person, at Youngstown, as we want to meet you.

Betty Dyckman and Fred will surely come as Fred has a brother living there. Thanks, Betty, for your letters. You are a fine correspondent.

## OCTOBER GARDENS

Within October leafy gardens  
Where flaming petals paled and curled,  
Where boughs swung low with mystic glad-  
ness

And seed pods fell to a welcome world,

We liked to gather satin chestnuts  
To hunt for apples downed by rain,  
Inspect the garnet cones of sumac,  
Invite gray squirrels to feed again.

Who once has seen October gardens  
The wind and leaves in Autumn tryst,  
Will not forget God's beauty pageant,  
Her changing hills of amethyst.

## SHARE AND BE HAPPY

I searched for Happiness on the beach,  
Like a butterfly it was out of reach,  
I shared my arm to one who was older,  
And Happiness settled on my shoulder.

Bite an orange through the peel - bitter  
first, then it's real sweet and juicy,  
Nectar drips for the man with thirsty lips.

-- Eva R. Hartley

As I was saying on the subject of our next Convention to be held in Youngstown, Ohio... In August, we showed you how easy of access this city is and the suitable accommodations for our entertainment.

Youngstown was settled in 1797 and soon began development of industries which are still growing. Native ores, limestone and ferrocsts were utilized in making charcoal which was used until the first coal mines in the Mahoning Valley were opened. This led to a full-scale steel production which flourishes today. The city is the center of over half a million population.

Youngstown has many large stores, four broadcasting systems and two television stations. There are fourteen moving-picture theaters, four drive-ins, and a playhouse. Its 2,633 acres of parks and recreation areas include golf courses, picnic ground, swimming pools, and baseball. There are five private country clubs, a philharmonic symphony orchestra and other musical organizations which present many concerts. There is a large library and twelve branches to serve the people.

Butler Institute of American Art has exhibits in all media, band concerts are held every Wednesday evening in Wick Park. The museum of Natural History is housed in the Old Mill at Mill Creek Park, and the Stambaugh Auditorium, an exact replica of the Parthenon of Greece, seats 2,800 for all types of lectures, concerts, plays and other intellectual activities.

Broadway plays are presented all summer in Warren which is only 15 miles away on Route 422.

There is a University with just under 6,000 students, 185 churches and synagogues and many other things which lack of space does not allow to be named. Last but not least we have several of our own good members living here who will do their best to make our stay a happy and memorable one. See you next July in Youngstown.

--Ann S. Wiestling

5 - JAN 1 3  
Copy ----- 1959

Eva R. Hartley  
120 Washington Avenue  
Wheeling, West Virginia

WHEELING IN THE NEWS  
THE THIRTY-FIRST ISSUE  
NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1958

Ann S. Wiestling #267  
1410 National Road  
Wheeling, West Virginia

# THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Are your Christmas candles reaching  
With a come-up-higher glow  
Into neighbors' homes, and teaching  
Of that Child born long ago?

Is your ribbon-bundled giving  
Like a fresh and searching vine,  
Lifting hearts to faithful living  
Causing cheeks and eyes to shine?

Would that Christmas time be merry  
And from every valley, hill,  
Mistletoe and holly berry,  
Ring God's message of Good Will.

MY PRAYER E.R.H.

Within my heart, aglow with pride,  
A silver blossom opens wide,  
A Christmas prayer - may it bless  
And crown your life with Happiness.

WARM CLOAK E.R.H.

I watched the hollyhocks brown cup  
Of seeds, at random tossed  
And felt the threat of winter ice  
In late November frost.

I plucked the last perfect rose  
And pressed it to my lips,  
A flame of faith glowed in my heart  
And warmed cold fingertips.

Some yellow leaves flew past my hand,  
A chilly sparrow woke;  
With faith renewed I braved the cold  
Wrapped close in God's warm cloak.

E.R.H.

"May the meaning of Christmas be deeper,  
its Friendship stronger, and its Hope  
brighter as it comes to you this year."

There's Christmas in the holly wreath  
And in the candle glow  
Let us pray that Merry Christmas  
Cheers the saddest folk we know.

--Eva R. Hartley

# CHRISTMAS BELLS

The hustle and the bustle of Christmas  
gift adjusting,  
The razzle and the dazzle of cooking  
and the dusting,  
Addressing of the Christmas cards for  
Neighbors and for friends,  
The packaging and tying of queer-shaped  
odds and ends,  
The Merry Christmas Greetings from people  
whom one meets  
While shoveling the snow from doorsteps  
and the streets  
Reach a climax when it's Christmas Eve;  
friends drop in to soo  
Just how we make our egg-nog and watch  
us trim the tree.

When we've finished everything and bid  
our guests good-night  
We look into the cold outdoors that's  
freshly frosted white,  
A star is twinkling overhead and  
sparkles on the snow  
While distant church bells ring, playing  
carols we all know.  
At last it's really Christmas; our hectic  
rushing 's ended;  
The peace the angels promised is  
finally comprehended.

# BELLS OF BETHLEHEM

Ring bells of Bethlehem, tonight,  
Ring out and tell of sacred light  
That's kindled in the hearts of men  
The whole world over once again  
And nurtured through those songs of joy  
By all who know the little boy  
Whose birth that night is still retold  
From tropic heat to arctic cold.

Ring bells of Bethlehem, proclaim  
Ring out and tell the growing flame  
That light has been to maid and youth  
Whom tender shoots of love and truth,  
And branches full of fruitful deeds  
Are substance for our human croods  
With happiness to make us sing  
While bells of Bethlehem still ring.

--Ann S. Wiestling



# THE UKADET



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Minneapolis, Minnesota

APRIL 1958

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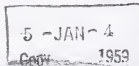
Xpue mox Barkes!  
Christ is Risen!

TON. Horbuh

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#269



**Membership List  
of the  
United Amateur Press  
Association**



**November, 1959**

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6-24-59  
Nov 1959

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Oct. Nov. Dec., 1959  
UAPA PUBLICATION  
XXIVth Shut-In Anniversary



D'Edquard Freeman  
P. O. Box 295  
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

Dedicated to those who  
have made the world better  
and more beautiful  
because they have lived in it.

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#271

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ON WINGS

OF

FRIENDSHIP

1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Lillian G. Whitaker

2926 East Broadway, Long Beach 3, California

Volume 2

December, 1959

Number 9

HELLO!

*May I Be Your Friend?*

On wings of friendship I come today,  
Hoping to bring some cheer;  
Hoping to share if your way is sad,  
Hoping to share if your day is glad,  
..... O, may I be your friend?

"...and lo, the star, which they saw in the  
east went before them" ... have you a star  
in your sky tonight, dear friends? A star of  
hope and love and joy? I sincerely hope so!

your editor

greeting you...

Printers:

WRITER'S NOTES & QUOTES  
Calhoun City, Mississippi



"O give thanks unto the Lord" PSALM 136

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

#274

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GRACE M. WEITMAN; PUBLISHER

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? W H O ?

994 Ocean Avenue,

Brooklyn 26, New York

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Number One Hundred-Seven

December 1959

## HOLIDAY MAGIC

There is magic in the air -

You can sense it everywhere,  
In the stores and on the street

And wherever people meet.

There is magic in the air -

It will drive away your care  
And make all around you shine

If you take this Gift Divine.

5 - JAN - 4

1959

COPY

There is magic in the air -

It is here for all to share.

Would you like to have it stay?

Then help others on Life's way.

There is magic in the air -

And the dear Lord placed it there;

Thank Him for it, use it too -

More blessings He will send to you.

Dr. W. J. Thompson

\* \* \* \*

Olive S. Gilbert, Rockwell City, Iowa. Born June 22, 1903 in Lytton, Iowa. Divorced. Has a daughter Mrs. Robert Dibelbiss (34). She writes: "I wrote a column on Handwriting Analysis for Logic for a long time. It is now discontinued. Musical background. Three years University and Business College. Linotype operator and reporter on a country weekly for two years. Married to an artist for twenty-two years. Raised two children; son killed in service. Have no claim to distinction unless it might be considered as such, the fact that I hold two Citations from the State Governor and the National Recruiting Magazine for work among service personnel. Interests are cooking and collecting "junk" to generally clutter up things. I am a Certified Grapho-Analytical Psychologist and most of my writing has been along that line for the past thirteen years."

Zeiger Hay, 1223 West Kirk, San Antonio, Texas. Born in 1915 in Hardy, Arkansas. Widower. He writes: "Sold many feature articles to San Antonio, Houston and Little Rock newspapers. Sold to the love pulps and Western pulps for a number of years. I am turning out about 15,000 words of ghost writing every month, books, speeches, short stories and articles. I have a text book on Creative writing, "Fiction Plot Construction", published by Triangle Publishing Company of Dallas. I also teach a course in Creative writing. I held Texas Authors' Day in San Antonio for five years. Wrote for Unity and other religious magazines for a number of years."

\*\*\*\*\*

U. A. P. A. C O M M E N T S

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#275  
5 -MAR 12  
Copy 1959

from the "Expand the Laureate Program" Editor, Wilfried Myers,  
69 Walnut Street, Struthers, Ohio  
Volume V, Number 4 January 1959 Whole Number 16

X-PN4827

. 22

If you wish to reply, or to agree, by commenting on these lines yourself, do it in your own paper - or - CDDS AND ENDS, now! Much later we MAY throw these columns open to your comments. However, for now -

I APPRECIATED OUR LAUREATE AWARD, AND IT MAKES ME WISH TO WIN ANOTHER. And, I believe I'll work harder to achieve that second award as witness my revival of UAPA Comments.

On the basis of this self-analysis, I'm wondering if an expanded program of laureates (with the consequential potential of more winners) wouldn't have a wholesome effect on activity in UAPA.

Last month we suggested judging material in two main classifications in our Utopian System of awards universally applied. This month we are going to give a revised list of what we would place under each class.

At the present time, UAPA has five classes or ten awards - Laureate and Honorable Mention.....story, poetry, editorial, printing and mimeographing. This is practically a duplicate of two other clubs' awards. (The third club's award system is more inclusive.) If we used our two general classifications, as suggested last month, this would automatically increase the number of our awards to sixteen.

HOWEVER, WE BELIEVE THAT A WIDER DIVERSITY OF AWARDS WOULD BE BETTER than sixteen! For the sake of discussion we are going to outline a program of some thirty-one awards. (61 if we consider Honorable Mention.) which would give us the most complete, comprehensive and all-inclusive program in the field of amateur journalism. With the size of our present membership, I believe that UAPA is large enough to adequately support this program. Taking for granted our two main divisions the awards would look something like this:

1. Editorial related to amateur journalism\*
2. Editorial not related to amateur journalism\*
3. Essay related to amateur journalism\*
4. Essay not related to amateur journalism\*
5. Fiction to 500 words\*
6. Fiction over 500 words\*
7. History related to amateur journalism\*
8. History not related to amateur journalism\*
9. Journal, Editing and Content\*
10. Journal, Reproduction or Printing\*
11. Poetry to 12 lines\*
12. Poetry over 12 lines\*
13. Original Cartoons\*
14. Original Spot Illustration\*
15. Original Illustration\*  
    \*)-Printing Duplicating
16. Best of the Year - Either Printing or Duplicating

Eva R. Hartley  
120 Washington Avenue  
Wheeling, West Virginia

WHEELING IN THE NEWS  
THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ISSUE  
NOVEMBER-DECEMBER - 1959

Ann S. Wiestling  
1410 National Road  
Wheeling, West Virginia

# WINTER WARMTH

November snowed a cozy drift  
of shapely flakes; a crystal white  
Encased the whips of trees, a gift  
of nature; other flakes piled tight.

In fact, a silvered crust now clings  
to grass and shrubs; the north winds scold.  
The sun dips past a cloud and brings  
to eye a drooping flower of gold.

The joy of childhood days returned,  
days full of happiness and pride,  
For winter beauty we have yearned  
replete with shining warmth inside.

## OPEN YOUR HEART

Open your heart to Christmas  
Within is growing a tree,  
Gilded with tokens of friendship,  
Gifts that are pleasing and free.

Box up some branches of courage  
Tie them with tendrils of cheer,  
Brighten with faith and forgiveness,  
Kindness and laughter sincere.

Open your heart to Christmas  
Harvest the fruit with care,  
Carry some love to a neighbor  
Ripened and sweetened by prayer.

## ONLY MAN CAN PRAY

The questing root can reach around  
Fill every need beneath the ground,  
The apple tree displays its fruit  
And shares it, too, though it is mute.

A verdant hill, a daisied knoll  
Are beauty man does not control;  
The call of wren will warm the heart  
And make once dormant pulses start.

A rainbow marks the cloudless sky,  
The rabbits do not reason why!  
The wild folk chatter, jump and play,  
But only man can kneel to pray.

-- Eva R. Hartley

# CHRISTMAS MAGIC

A tall skyscraper, too rustero  
For love to touch has love appear  
Through Christmas magic in the heart;  
It makes cold poverty depart  
And guilds the cottage until it's bright;  
And don't forget a child's delight.

With pristine awe this once again  
We sing the Christmas carol's refrain  
While decorations at nightfall  
And lovely lighted trees bring all  
Past Christmases of happiness  
Into the NOW with love to bless.

If we surrender to its spell  
We'll find the ones we loved so well  
Will visit us a little space  
For oven death or a distant place  
Dissolve as if they never were  
Beneath the magic Christmas fir.

## LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS BELLS AND CHIMES

The bells of Christmas eve are tolling  
Slowly, sadly sound is rolling  
Through the night with deep vibration;  
Then Christ's birth brings cumulation.  
The tragic knell is to remind  
That man unto himself is blind  
Prior to new-found good will  
In the shepherd's vision on the hill.  
The ponderous bells are still at last;  
Midnight has come and waiting is past.  
And now the sweet chimas start singing  
their praise

For the little new King and for joyous days  
Of hope that's been given to each who will  
heed

And show to his neighbor the love each one  
needs.

--Ann S. Wiestling

## AND THERE WAS LIGHT

When the Christ Child was born  
No candle was there  
Nor a power-beam  
To intercept it.

But the halo He wore  
And the shine of the star  
Gave the world such a light,  
T'was electric. -- Olive Roberts



Eva R. Hartley  
120 Washington Avenue  
Wheeling, West Virginia

WHEELING IN THE NEWS  
THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ISSUE  
JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1960

Ann S. Wiestling  
1410 National Road  
Wheeling, West Virginia

Thanks to all who remembered me with a card or note for Christmas. Congratulations to those who were fortunate in having an original poem on the card.

Last month when Edith's letter regarding the Laureate award appeared, I resolved to vote each month. November was not difficult and I sent my vote pronto. Then along came December with the new papers and I found it much more puzzling. However, I have voted. Have you?

We have been hoping LONE-STAR SCRIPTS would soon come into the fold - finally, here it came. The President's and Editor's messages were timely. I enjoyed OH, STAR-LESS NIGHT. Sue Taylor used many choice words and phrases.

HIBISCUS by Ray E. Stang, PAINTED POETRY APPRECIATIONS by D'Equard Freeman are very original and interesting.

Notice Paul C. Benn's Christmas card - isn't that something? Mary Frame sent an original one, too. And many others came by separate mail. Thanks to all.

It really matters little whether our paper is printed or mimeographed - the important thing is the message, isn't it?

Have you read THE SECRET TO HAPPINESS by Virgil Lafuse and ABOUT CIGARETTES by Clarence Speyer? They have done well in bringing topics of interest. Oh, there are many others - I have tried to mention the newer papers. BRANFLAKES with Milk and Honey was educational and spicy.

February is Brotherhood month and it brings to mind the many things we might do to help our neighbors. Have you filled one child's ricebowl?

#### BROTHERHOOD

They stood beside the school-yard fence  
Two little girls in blue,  
One face wore grief all too intense  
The other's love was true.

The older bathed a swollen knee  
Then held the black hand tight,  
Caressed the cheek as lovingly  
As if it had been white.

--Eva R. Hartley

Too low they build who build beneath the stars. --Edward Young.

#### PACIFIC WORLD

The ocean is a world within itself  
Its waves protect great secrets from our eyes

With tossing brine and coral-crested shelves

Evocative as planets! Men devise  
(Despite the aging ageless silver spew)  
To plumb the depths and each time something new

Is brought ashore to rest among the shells  
Of Abalone. Seaweed, weaving spells  
Across the nets that fisherman have flung,  
Draws burning tears brought from unfathomed deeps,

From treasure ships, from sunken hulls and sand...

Of all the songs that time and men have sung,  
Across the skies and ever-changing land  
None can surpass the ocean as she weeps!  
--Lilyan H. Cuff

#### THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL

Twinkle is a Christmas angel -  
Tiny, swift and sweet,  
With a halo 'round his head,  
And gold wings on his feet.

He goes hovering over Heaven,  
Rollicking with mirth;  
Sometimes he can swoop so low,  
He almost touches Earth.

Just about this time of year,  
He goes rustling by,  
Sprinkling dreams in Children's heads  
And stardust in their eye.

He is not as dignified  
As other angels are;  
Twinkle is the children's angel;  
He's the Christmas Star!

--Frances Lois Vaughn

#### CHANGING PATTERNS

The long sad night came to an end  
Filled with a charcoal hue  
Nightmarish patterns soon dissolved  
And sunrise came to view. --Juanita H. Nolte

## ODDS AND ENDS

## A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

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Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin  
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You too, may become a co-operative publisher of this paper. The cost is \$2.00 per page or a dollar for a half-page or less. The Secretary has many manuscripts on hand. If you wish to be a financial contributing co-publisher some of these will be published.

-----

## BEAUTY IN WINTER'S TREES

The beauty of the autumn trees lives in my memory;  
Yet, bereft of robes of yellow, red or green,  
Stripped of bare nativity,  
They have still identity,  
Most intriguing in a lovely winter scene.

What a pleasure to distinguish oak or ash from maple tree;  
Hard or soft and such as can withstand the storm.  
As I look at them and ponder  
If they're elm or bass, I wonder  
How through all the tempests they retain their form.

Then again, when fluffy snow is glittering on an icy bough,  
Be it plum or cherry or an apple tree,  
It is a fascinating sight  
That fills my heart with sheer delight,  
Though its loveliness is but a passing filigree.  
Caroline E. Kauffman

\* \* \* \* \*

She planted vegetables in her neighbor's garden.  
Her tomato plants sprang up like dynamite.  
It never occurred to her to ask for pardon,  
You see, the little old lady was without sight.  
Patricia E. Gilbert

X-PN4827

NOV 28 1960



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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Publisher

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Number Seventy-Five October 1960

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- Rev. John H. Owens, 1478 West 37th Street, Los Angeles 18, California

NONE SINCE SHAKESPEARE

Some will declare all song was sung before  
 Fair Eden's dawn before men knew of time,  
 That none today may penetrate the door  
 To the Lost Word with silver shafts of rhyme;  
 Still others hold Shakespearean the worth  
 Against which all our own is mimicry.  
 Yet, who knows discontent on this small earth,  
 And dares to probe beyond mortality,  
 And move his pen across a fevered page  
 In quest of worlds where men walk truly tall;  
 Despite the arbitrations of his age,  
 Defying what compulsions might befall,  
 May some day warm by that galactic fire  
 Younger than April, older than Sappho's lyre.

Winifred Lewis

\* \* \* \* \*

INDIAN SUMMER

The silent footstep of an Indian Brave  
 Stalked arrogant and cast his arid spell  
 On meadow, field, on every growing tree.  
 Then disappeared...his task performed quite well;  
 The dust lay heavily on grass and bush  
 And verdant leaves had changed to tarnished gold.

Junaita H. Nolte

H280

X-PN4827

## Uncle Hap's Monthly Letter

Number 1

5-JUN 30 June, 1961.

I have heard it said you can't teach an old dog new tricks. But regardless of what I have heard said, I am trying to learn to print so that when and if I reach retirement age in July, 1966 and "Grandma" and I have to start trying to live on about \$70.00 a month and our garden, if I could still be physically able to earn as much as 25 cents an hour doing amateur printing for two or three hours a day it would sure help about paying old-age bills. But as of right now, here's something I want to ask you about - - -

## OUR PRESIDENT

Is he John or is he Jack?

I don't swap names forth and back.

My papa was John, his brother was Jack,

Neither was the other: that's a fact.

My son is Jack but he's never been John:

He's always been our same blond son.

I don't know how to make two of one,

So Jack is Jack and John is John.

(See other side)

X-PN4827

AUG 1

## SUNSHINE &amp; HOBBIES SUPPLEMENT

Published For

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

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July-August 1961				Issue 3
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Bob Bowman, Editor &amp; Publisher

P. O. Box 637, Gulfport, Mississippi

#281

Greetings,--

Due to a seige of pneumonia along with some other complications, it was necessary for me to skip the July issue and combine it with August.

You will note that we changed the name of our magazine from HOBBY JOURNAL to SUNSHINE & HOBBIES, effective with this issue.

Due to the press of other work, I'm not sure just how long I'll be able to put out the SUPPLEMENT separately. However, I have been trying to work out a plan to include a UAPA Section in the regular magazine. This, of course, would not go out in the Bundles, but would go only to the subscribers of the regular magazine. The section would be used for the work of members of UAPA and other amateur writers.

Since it is the aim and desire of every writer (Amateur or otherwise), to get as wide circulation as possible for their work, I feel that such a section in SUNSHINE & HOBBIES would serve a two-fold purpose. It would give a wider circulation to writers and "would-be" writers. In addition, it would provide entertainment to our paid subscribers. Many of our subscribers are shut-ins who look forward, each month, to the arrival of their "favorite" magazine. (I put the word "favorite" in quotes because I HOPE it is their favorite.)

We will not be able to offer any pay, not even ad space or subscriptions, for material we use in SUNSHINE & HOBBIES. We will, however, be helping you to gain a wider circulation for your material ---and there is always the chance it will be seen by someone who is in position to offer payment.

We will send one free "Contributor's Copy" to anyone who has material in the magazine. Additional copies may be purchased by the "Contributors" at the rate of 10¢ each.

(Continued on next page)

#282  
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION  
WHEELING IN THE NEWS  
THE FORTY-THIRD ISSUE  
MARCH-APRIL, 1961

5-MAY 1961  
P. 10

Paul E. Pross, Jr.  
Studio 212, 840 Argyle  
Chicago 40, Illinois

Eva R. Hartley  
120 Washington Avenue  
Wheeling, West Virginia

WINDFALL  
A COLUMN OF VERSE

SECRET KEEPSAKE  
By Paul E. Pross, Jr.

Because once he held you to the splendor  
of his body  
And playfully captured all the secrets of  
your quiet heart,  
His love that never left you quite the  
same  
Is your secret keepsake to combat  
The unhealing forgetfulness of time.

(Awarded First Prize, Writer's Unlimited  
Workshop, March 19, 1961)

TOLERANCE  
By Gertrude Van Kast

My dear, how do you survive the abuse,  
The harsh unkindness, the strain of it all?  
Never a word of rebuke or rise of voice;  
Just utter and complete oblivion.  
Abuse? Unkindness? I know nothing of  
These things you speak to me about.  
My eyes see only a great sickness;  
My ears hear a desperate cry for help.  
Unable to hel-----I sit in silence,  
----and pray.

(Tied for Second Place)

UNLATCHING OF THE DOOR  
By Paul E. Pross, Jr.

There was no scream of pain  
When they murdered you with bolts of flame. I realized that Spring was here  
Last night, I heard you stumbling in the fog, And Winter had flown past  
Like troubled swans in gun-wound lakes. When a little kid wore nothing  
Sometimes, a turtle hears you laughing But his diaper at half mast!  
in the sea --Juanita H. Nolte

While bitter sea-weeds kiss your knees.  
Last storm, you may have fought the  
That unlatched death's door and let you  
in.

(Tied for Second Place, Writer's Unlimited  
Workshop, March 19, 1961)

A certain fine lady, a good friend, has  
been trying to publish some of her poems.  
She is improving all the time. Just for  
fun, I will type her letter to thank me  
and my reply:

Dear Eva:

Thank you, Eva, you are a friend  
For helping me to see  
Just what it was I did so wrong  
You were so kind to me,  
And you are very patient, too,  
I thank you very much  
You have been more than just a friend,  
My dear poetic crutch!  
I am just a poet cripple  
To me it is plain to see,  
I will have to study writing  
Or a poet I will not be!

Dear Edna:

Thank you for your love and thought,  
They have daily pleased, and brought  
Cheer and comfort to your friend;  
On you, dear, I can depend.  
Soon, your poems will excel,  
You will study, and will tell  
Others how to emphasize,  
To improve and publicize.  
Read one poem every day  
Let the contents gently stray  
Through your mind; forget your "crutch",  
Gcd can bring that loving touch!

A SPRINGTIME STROLL

CONVENTION DATES: July 20, 21 & 22  
Eddie, are The Jersey Jingle Belles  
coming? How about Bea, Maud, Olive,  
Eileen, Irma, Martha, Alice, Aloise,  
Gertrude, Nona, Harriet and Osborne,  
etc., etc.????? E.R. H.



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AN AMATEUR POETS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION  
WHEELING IN THE NEWS  
THE FORTY-FOURTH ISSUE  
MAY-JUNE, 1961

5-AUG  
1961

Paul E. Pross, Jr.  
Studio 212, 840 Argyle  
Chicago 40, Illinois

Eva R. Hartley  
120 Washington Avenue  
Wheeling, West Virginia

WINDFALL  
A COLUMN OF VERSE

CONVENTION DATES: July 20, 21 and 22.  
MIDLAND HOTEL

AUTUMN WOULD HAVE MEANT BEGINNING  
by Paul E. Pross, Jr.

REACHING FOR THE STARS  
by Ann S. Wiestling

This Autumn would have meant beginning  
Had not your absence painted ending  
On the poster boards of signless faces;  
And, oh, I would have drunk your love  
With thirst and fervor,  
Had not the amber straws been paper  
And the vessels--pop bottles--long emptied.  
(Tied for 2nd Place, Writer's Unlimited  
Workshop, May - 1961)

Reach for the stars! This world outgrow!  
They tell us it's a fool's mistake,  
This reaching for the stars. But, no!  
What if your clutching fingers break

A spray of flowers high over head?  
You would not hold their loveliness  
Had hands not stretched, though limited,  
Toward Milky Ways where harborless

POETRY  
by Gertrude Van Kast

Floats that elusive star you have seen,  
Just think! Those blossoms, fair and sweet  
Are yours but they could not have been  
By picking daisies at your feet.

Pent up emotion -- crying for release;  
Sacred feelings I long to share  
Are conveyed through the lines I write.  
From the very depth of my soul comes words  
That strip me of my clothes and skin;  
Baring --- for all the world to see my  
Thoughts of love, hate, hope and despair.  
Such is poetry.

Then if your efforts fail despite  
All you can do, send dreams afar;  
They, traveling through the twinkling night  
May momentarily touch your star.

A BACKWARD LOOK

BRAVE ARRIVAL  
by Ethel Bierman

We sold our singing brook today  
Where stickleback and youngsters play,  
Our rippling brook, where waters warmed  
The youngsters feet they kept unharmed.  
My hungry vision, somewhat blurred,  
Is lifted back to childhood, stirred  
By moments spent on fern-kissed soil  
While watching trilliums uncoil.  
This wind-blown heart, with keen surprise,  
Reviews its youth through adult eyes,  
Those infant moments in a brook  
Take on a thoughtful, grateful look.

--Eva R. Hartley

Sweet, tender song, soft bird-call,  
heavenly note, -  
Can it be truly you, dark-winged creature,  
so soon arrived,  
Eagerly seeking, bravely venturing, so far  
from sun-warmed lands?  
Winter has not yet left this land  
to which you've come.  
True, there's much you must do  
and so little time -  
A nest to build, a mate to woo,  
your young to rear,  
So strength will be theirs before  
next autumn's chill arrives,  
That they may return with you  
when it's migrating time.  
There's no time to lose, you must be gone,  
a moment's rest and away you go,  
Farewell, courageous one.

Those interested in promoting good poetry,  
write: Dr. Clinton F. Larson, President,  
The National Federation of State Poetry  
Societies, Brigham Young University,  
Provo, Utah. Dates of Annual Meeting are  
August 30 and 31, 1961. He will tell you  
about a splendid program. Please hear it!  
--Eva R. Hartley

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION  
WHEELING IN THE NEWS  
THE FORTY-FIFTH ISSUE  
NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1961

Eva R. Hartley  
120 Washington Ave.  
Wheeling, West Virginia

Ann S. Wiestling  
1110 National Road  
Wheeling, West Virginia

Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year!  
We trust all of our readers will enjoy the  
lovely poems that follow in this issue.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

FOOTSTEPS AT CHRISTMAS

Footsteps are soft at Christmas  
The heart is rich with grace,  
And joy runs deep with giving  
We see it in each face.

Suspicious gifts are tinsel  
In paper green and white,  
And sleepy sentinels stationed  
On stairsteps late at night.

Footsteps are soft at Christmas  
The loving prayers are said,  
With dreams of Christmas morning  
In every "childish" head.

FAITH

Faith burns deep in a Christmas heart  
The flame is warm, sincere,  
True love will nourish the Christmas heart  
And gain new strength each year.  
May we enjoy, incite this glow  
Of faith, from the Lord we share,  
And feed the blazing spark we know,  
With constant, fervent prayer.

CACTUS BLOOM

The snow was drifted fence-post high,  
We cleared the walk with spade and broom,  
Our home was warm, serene and light,  
God gave us Christmas cactus bloom.

CHARM

Mrs. Eisenhower was sweet  
When, at tea, she chanced to meet,  
A charming lady-what a shock  
To find her in a twin-made frock.  
She gently spoke, without a frown:  
"You are delightful in that gown!"

The hustle and the bustle of Christmas  
gift adjusting,  
The razzle and the dazzle of cooking and  
the dusting,  
Addressing of the Christmas cards for  
neighbors and for friends,  
The packaging and tying of queer-shaped  
odds and ends,  
The merry Christmas greetings from people  
whom one meets  
While shoveling the snow from doorsteps  
and from streets  
Reach a climax when it's Christmas eve;  
friends drop in to see  
Just how we make our eggnog and how we  
trim the tree.  
When we've finished everything and bid our  
guests goodnight  
We look into the cold outdoors that's  
freshly frosted white.  
A star is twinkling overhead and sparkles  
on the snow  
While distant church bells ring, playing  
carols we all know.  
At last it's really Christmas; our hectic  
rushing's ended;  
The peace the angels promised is finally  
comprehended.

AS FALLS THE SNOW

When days are short and winds are cold  
It is not too hard for me  
To stay inside and at my desk  
To work with simile.

And when the clouds are full of rain  
In pleasant summertime  
Contentedly I will type my prose  
Or try to write a rhyme.

But times will come, I'll feel the urge  
To leave my work and go  
Outside into a fairy world  
When falls the magic snow.

--Eva R. Hartley

--Ann S. Wiestling

#1285

5-JUN 30

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## A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace M. Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number 125

June 1961

## THE IMPORTANT TRIFLE

As the night hours began to fade,  
 I was awake while the day was new;  
 It peeked over the brink of dim horizon,  
 In hues of pink, with a halo of blue.

After years of this strange beauty,  
 It is still beautiful to me;  
 Without such an important trifle,  
 I can't imagine what life would be.

LaToasca Romine

Agnes Marguerite Landberg, 2529 N. E. Fillmore, Minneapolis 18, Minnesota. Born February 16, 1896 in Onalaska, Wisconsin. Married. Children: Renee Madeau (an artist), Marguerite Mikulich (a singer), Geraldine Grandfield (an organist) and Jack Landberg (a builder). She writes: "My hobbies are reading, writing, sewing, eating and sleeping. Can't decide which I like to do most of all. I am an avid reader - my light burns till all hours of the night. I would like to be an avid writer but I'm too lazy mentally. Eating and sleeping are accomplishments I really don't brag about as almost anyone can do both without even trying. I love nature - raw or otherwise and if I ever do write the Great American Treatise it is going to be on that subject, raw or otherwise. I have enjoyed the Bundles very much."

Josephine H. Voracek, 726 Regina Avenue, St. Louis 25, Missouri. She writes: "I am a native Missourian, born May 30th in the City of St. Louis and have lived here all my life. Am a divorcee by death, no children. Am presently employed in an office. I belong to the following fraternities: AMORC, COTPB and OPM. I am interested in good music, the opera and stage plays. Am somewhat of a bookworm and like literature of the educational and inspirational type; also modern fiction. I like also creative writing and derive much pleasure from same. Have had articles published in the following magazines: Happy Home Companion, Vas-a-rette, The Star, United Journal, Bee-Hive, Little Gems, Household Guest, AMORC, COTPB and OPM (monthly books), and local newspapers. Have large collections of old Dresden china dolls, china dogs, cats, angels and figurines. Stamps, postmarks and view cards all kinds including cat and dog and floral. Badges and advertising pencils and pens. State metal and trays and scarfs, hankies, tablecloths and beach towels. Bells: silver, cut glass, china, brass, copper and bronze."

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

#286

Grace M. Weitman, Publisher

294 Ocean Avenue,

Brooklyn 26, New York

Number 126

July 1961

## "ODE" TO MY OLD 'OMAN

I love my wife and (I think) she loves me,  
 Though, why she should be more than I can see;  
 For I'm so puny and sickly, live on pills and such dope,  
 Stopped, bent over, ugly as homemade soap.

But my Old 'oman is faithful and true,  
 Works like a horse all the day through.  
 Even though she is a bit homesly. When she goes away to work  
 It leaves me feeling sad and lonely.

She is heap good squaw  
 And I would like to have two like her  
 If, it were not against the law.  
 You see, I would not feel so lonely, forsaken  
 With one 'oman to stay home with me, while  
 The other went out to bring home the bacon.

Joseph J. Smith

Joseph J. Smith, Route 2, Box 142, Mount Gilead, North Carolina.  
 Born May 17, 1904 in Montgomery County, North Carolina. Widower.  
 Widower. Children: Jerry (32), Nelson (30), Charles (28) and Sue (18).  
 Had a short story in Lone Scout Tribe paper. Hobbies: writing  
 little stories for tribers. He is very much interested in Bible  
 study. Is practically a shut-in, crippled with arthritis. Reads a  
 lot. Was a farmer and did not have much formal education.

George F. Compton, 357 Bahia Vista Drive, Indian Rocks Beach,  
 Florida. Born October 12, 1905 in Lapeer, Michigan. Married and  
 has a daughter, Mrs. Barbara Peck (31). Published an amateur paper  
 in 1920-21. Writes for Elbeeta papers. Personally knows these  
 UAPA members: J. Harry Hawkins, Ed Tavis, Ed Walker, Marion Snyder,  
 Grady Graham and Rowan White. Belonged to the United in 1921.  
 Most of his life was a Ford dealer, retiring due to health reasons  
 in 1958. Hopes to publish a paper before the end of the year.  
 Favorite present pastime - fishing.

If I were a poet, a poem 't would be  
 To carry my note of "thank you" to thee  
 Some special treatment is needed today  
 To express the many things I'd like to say  
 To the Milwaukee group who always remember  
 Birthdays that happen, from Jan. to December.  
 Continue to spread happiness and you will hear  
 The plaudits of the many you give so much cheer  
 Olive Gilbert

## A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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Grace M. Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number 128

September 1961

## SCHOOLS OPEN

Schools open - please watch out for kids,  
 They're gathering around like "Katydid" -  
 If you drive slow enough, you can stop quick enough,  
 Don't alibi with - he ran into me--I didn't see and stuff.

O.K. Junior - wash up - Blow your nose - comb your hair,  
 Mother wants you to look neat in that school chair;  
 Listen to teacher - say Yes, Sir or Yes, Ma'm,  
 And you'll be smart and pass your exam.

My child, an education, no one can take from you,  
 As you grow older, you'll find out it's true;  
 Learn to make friends with everyone you meet,  
 Walk erect, hold head high on avenue and street.

On Graduation Day, you'll feel so proud -  
 As the principal reads your name aloud,  
 With your diploma in hand, for learning and efficiency,  
 Teacher will say: "Gosh, you're almost as smart as me".

Wm. King Halikman

Gilbert Young Harding, P O Box 268, McCloud, Oklahoma. Born February 20, 1932 in North Judson, Indiana. Married and has five sons, Michael Young, Kelsey Lee, Gary David, Matthew Alan and Paul Edward. Has had articles in various Oklahoma newspapers. He writes: "My hobbies and business are combined: mail order, writing, publishing, printing and kindred interests. I love to swap printing and/or advertising for various items. Have traded several thousands of dollars worth. Swapped over \$1,000 with one man. Just made a swap for \$500 worth of offset printing equipment. Launching our new illustrated magazine FREE WORLD MAGAZINE in November. Also read classics like Plato, Aristotle, Spencer, etc."

Marcelle Ann Schoeneman, 3174 South 57th Street, Milwaukee 19, Wisconsin. Born June 4, 1921 in Neuss, Wisconsin. Married. She writes: "My hobbies are varied and like to collect stamps, play the piano, attend concerts, and my husband and I have a record collection. I am a member of the Suburban Players and the Rosicrucian Order of San Jose, California and also the local chapter. This year I have the honor of being Master of the Milwaukee chapter which is equivalent to being President. This is a mystical and philosophical group and is my main interest. I am also very fond of reading and enjoy writing letter."



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## A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace M. Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue,        Brooklyn 26, New York

Number 130

November 1961

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THE COMING NEW YEAR

Each New Year is a mystery,  
 But may each day reveal to me,  
 The light to see what's for the best  
 And to the future leave the rest.

I wish to be a little truer,  
 Less of a wisher, more a doer,  
 Less apt to censure or complain,  
 Or cast on others wrongful blame.

I wish for kindness to give,  
 To help the weak find joy to live.  
 And daily patience to endure,  
 The pain for which there seems no cure.

I wish more kind words to express  
 My hope for greater friendliness;  
 More humbleness to understand,  
 Hurts may be soothed by a gentle hand.

I wish for power to banish fear,  
 And cultivate more joy and cheer;  
 More courage to uphold the right  
 Revealed to me by wisdom's light.

This is my New Year's earnest plea  
 And prayer, dear Lord, I ask of Thee.

Anna M. Carroll

Charles L. Beers, 8049 East Garvey Avenue, South San Gabriel, California. Born June 21, 1886 in Williamsville, Sangamon County, Illinois. Married. He writes: "I am retired from the Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, Chicago, since 1948 after forty years and have worked for the California Bank, Los Angeles for seven years. Have no particular hobbies but have tried several contests; like to read and play chess. Belong to American Legion and Veterans World War I, the Masons, serve on Research Committees, so have made reports on several topics. Enjoy lectures so try to hear Manly Palmer Hall, president and founder of Philosophical Research Society of Los Angeles. My wife and I have a book table at his services.



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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION



Grace Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number 131

December 1961

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WITH PROMISES TO MEET

Lost are the footsteps of another year;  
Lost are the adamant winds that broke the path  
Through field and forest; lost, too, is the fear  
Of being crushed by gorgons of her wrath.

For spring has come on softly sandaled feet,  
Stirring the grasses with her gentle breath;  
The fecund earth has promises to meet,  
And laughs to scorn the perjury of death.  
Trude McCoy

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

For the past eleven years Grace Weitman has published "WHO" in order that new members could be introduced to the older ones. When a member is admitted he receives a Questionnaire and it is up to him then to tell us something about himself. Some have been sent in which would hardly fill three lines. Surely, no life can be quite so dull that there is nothing to say about the past, present or what one hopes for in the future. They apparently have no hobbies and these are to be pitied because they will have nothing to do in their old age. And the people most to be pitied are those who have to live with them. Then there are those who write more about themselves than will fit into a paper of this size. These are cut down but if they are interesting, as many have been, an entire issue is devoted to them. The sketches have been the means of making friends on account of mutual interests, birthplace; occupation, etc. If a person wants to make friends here is the opportunity of meeting them through letters or at Conventions. Many very unusual sketches have been received and the one which follows will testify to that.

Edward F. Daas

INTRODUCTION

Bob Lichtman was born 27 August 1942 in Cleveland, Ohio; legend has it that he was reluctant to breathe the alien atmosphere he found without the womb and it took more than the usual number of lusty slaps from the attending physician to get him to yell out in disgust at what he viewed while hanging upside down. Having had his fill of dirty Cleveland, he moved to Los Angeles in January of 1951, where he breathed smog and fought freeway traffic until July 1961 when he took the big move to the Bay area, landing finally in Berkeley. Bob is six feet four inches tall, weighs around 155 pounds, and is currently cultivating a formidable beard. Every once in a while he feels like giving it up (the beard) but laziness

## U. A. P. A. BUNDLE CHUM

X-PN 827

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Farewell Number.

October, 1961.

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Hear Ye,



Hear Ye.

Dear U.A.P.A. Chums:

A thousand thank yous for all the kind things you have said about us and our little old pictures drawn on the typewriter. Also, many thanks to those who selected us as being worthy of honorable mention for mimeograph work in U.A.P.A. this year. We are highly honored, and will keep the certificate among our treasures.

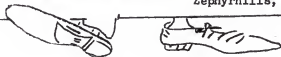
We have a sad little piece of news for you--all this month. Our little friend "Bum", who was the hero of our last paper, was run over and killed. To make matters worse, it was myself who was the guilty party, but my tears were all the more heart-breaking because of that fact. He spotted a bug of some sort and dashed out to get it, and it was all over. It happened just that quickly. The house is extremely quiet now, and I'd be glad to have him trample on my petunias once more.

Now, another piece of news. I am forced to bring to a close my little contributions to this fine Club. It has been grand getting acquainted with every one of you, and receiving your letters from time to time. But the truth of the matter is this. In late July I began writing for the St. Petersburg Times as full fledged reporter for the Zephyrhills area. Naturally, this leaves me little or no time for anything else. I wouldn't want to be a member in name only, taking and giving nothing. It wouldn't be fair to you.

I would like to sit down and write a personal letter to each and every one of you. Instead, I'll do it this way. My love and best wishes to you and yours are sincere. May the future hold nothing but good for every member of U.A.P.A. You will never know all the good you do with your papers and spiritual poems that so often lift up a down-hearted soul, who, in many cases, has nothing much to live for. There is the aged lady (more than one) who looks forward to the cheery bundle each month, and the younger lonely person who has lost the one and only person in life who was close to her. These are only two of the categories applicable, but there are many more. Don't you see why "Bundle Chum" and "Our Happy Family" tried to make you smile? If for that reason alone they succeeded, the task was very worth while.

So keep up the good work, you writers of the U.A.P.A. Club. There is POWER in the written word, and it lingers long after we are gone, for it can be read and reread many times over. That is why you must write GOOD things, and think GOOD things. The reputation of the U.A.P.A. bundles is TOPS, and above reproach. It is performing a very high type of service to humanity, for the words printed on your papers travel far beyond the mailboxes of your members.

Mrs. Edith E. Eisenhut, P.O. Box 1268,  
Zephyrhills, Florida.



THE YEAR AHEAD by Marlin Ballard

Let us observe the potentials of the year ahead for the Universal Christian Church, its congregations, members and friends.

Not three years ago there was no such movement on the world scene. Now our ministers extend from Maritime Eastern Canada to sunny Hawaii. Our numbers are still small, but our fellowship is continually growing. We are in regular correspondence with interested seekers in 23 states and three continents. What was a vision in Upper Nyack, N. Y., in 1958, is now an enlarged vision and increasingly a concrete reality throughout the world.

A new era of Christian tolerance and understanding is finding its way into the hearts of dedicated men. The seeds they are sowing will take root in all types of ground, and those that fall on fertile soil will grow strong and survive. New names will spring up within the fold and new leaders will emerge. Regions will take form and new markers will appear on our wall map representing the ministry who serve our Master's flock.

Evidence indicates that the church in southern California will take hold firmly and that a group will develop near Honolulu. Florida and New Brunswick will also likely plant congregations. On the Christian unity front, there is a possibility we may confederate with a group of similarly minded churches extending from New York and Pennsylvania southward all the way to Georgia.

We hope that our Retreat Center will be located and operative this summer and that a suitable building will be secured in Baltimore as a center for our church movement. The program of budding Athenia College should produce a number of people capable of being understood around the world (through the Esperanto language), and, more important, some developed Christian workers and vital theologians. The Christian Naturalist Society now being organized will show its face in a new bulletin. We plan a Western Retreat of the Society, as well as a New England Retreat at Pastor Cassens' temple grounds in Maine.

The new year looks promising indeed. It will be a full one and one of hard work. We are reminding ourselves not to spread ourselves too thin in activity, but rather to concentrate more where we begin to show real strength. The Lord has done miracles for us since 1958, but we believe the greatest are yet to come. May God bless all of you in 1962.

PLATO'S MYTH AND MODERN MAN by Shelby Haas

Plato was an earnest spiritual seeker. His Myth of the Cave comes very close in pointing up the modern problem. Let us reconstruct the scene: Men are tied and they sit facing the back wall of the cave. Behind these men is a fire that gives a reflection of the real on the wall in front of them.

One of the men breaks his bonds, turns and faces the real. Having seen the real, he is able to rise up out of the cave. He sees the world outside the cave—absolute reality. He returns to lead his fellows forth, but they destroy him because they are sure he is mad.

Modern Man is like the men bound and facing wall. He sees only the reflection of the

real. The shadow seen is a small suggestion of the truth. Modern Man assumes he has truth—yet he is still bound facing the wall.

True, Modern Man seeks and has found some truth in science. But in the area of ethics and religion all that is seen is the shadow. Modern Man has had Jesus, who, having left the cave, saw true reality. Jesus went to the very cause of the shadow to bring reality. Like the man in the myth, Jesus died; but unlike that man He arose to give us who believe life. After all He has done, why do we still have nearly everything to learn?

Why do we still have to learn that Christ's kingdom requires respect and love, even to the non-Christian? Why do we still have to learn that true peace requires a deep spiritual brotherhood binding together hearts all around the world?

Let us take these steps toward absolute reality now:

1—Accept one another in respect and love.

2—Manifest our brotherhood by living as Man was created, in harmony with Nature; by accepting our whole selves as made in the image of God; by eating the most wholesome and nutritious foods; and by directing our desires and creative imagination to God's service.

3—Work for genuine Christian understanding and justice among all peoples.

4—Live in love and heart concern as Christians who serve the One who saved us.

IN THE HARVEST

Marlin Ballard and Roger Fulton, Ministers,  
8648 Oakleigh Rd., Baltimore 14, Md.

A joyous Christmas climaxed a hectic month. It appears the realtor will have to sell the church we were looking at to a buyer with more ready funds. A number of encouraging contributions have been coming in, but not fast enough or in sufficient amounts for the fine plant we had in mind for both our local program and that of our whole church movement; and the Baltimore congregation is not able to do it alone. Roger went to Illinois for the holidays. As soon in January as he has the funds, he will return to Baltimore, this time moving his family here. In exchange for maintenance of four apartments, a rent-free apartment is being made available for the Fultons through the help of some dear Baltimore friends.

Marlin had to pay \$33.75, including court costs, for forgetting a parking meter for seven minutes while on a Christian errand of mercy. He may appeal it, but this will cost at least \$400. Principle may compel him to do so despite cost. Several major cities have permanently ruled that such parking regulations and penalties are unjust. (Late news: Marlin has been asked to appear on a midnight interview show to present his viewpoint.)

Bigotry reared its head, when the wholly nonsectarian efforts of Hall Hopper among the youth in our vicinity were invaded by a clergyman who led 12 young teens away, saying they were in touch with a church which was not the "true" church. The boys were not pleased and returned a few days later—40 strong!

The School of Christian Living, which offers absorbing theological and Biblical studies, began well and will continue through June. All who have seen the outline. (To page 2)

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-V



# THE VAGRANT

W. PAUL COOK

Not to succeed is excusable ;  
But not to try is criminal.

NOVEMBER, 1917

X-PN 4827

#293

# THE VETO

*A Streamlined A. J. Publication*

*Vol. I. "Oh my gosh!" No. 1.*

## IT'S HEWSTUN IN FAWTY WUN!!

THUNK UP BY RALPH BRANDT

Beneath a broiling, boiling, burning Texas sun, a number of ajays will assemble July 10-12 next year to squabble and squander their precious moments and money at a little oil town just off the Gulf of Mexico.

The beginning of the "Hewstun in '41" campaign is cloaked in antiquity. But the Cattle Chapter is a-fixin' to pervide a heckuva good time to any and all suckers venturing within the state during the open season for ajsy round-and-rounds.

So, load up yer trusty six-shooter and aim at

## THE PORT CITY

### NEXT YEAR

In casting my herring--my stenzel - it may be necessary to adopt a clyde to strengthen my Grandfather's Scotch ancestry.

#### Gnosticism - (ism)

A system of religion mixed with Greek and Oriental philosophy - 1st - 6th century A.D. - intermediate between Christianity and paganism - which taught the knowledge rather than faith was the greatest good and that through knowledge alone could salvation be attained.

#### Georgian - (ian)

Pertaining to any of the King Georges of England; particularly George I - IV; pertaining to the State of Georgia; a native of England who lived during the reign or part thereof of any of the six Georges.

#### GEORGIA a

state in the U.S. - the

"Cracker State"

#### Geratology

The scientific study of natural decadence as exemplified by forms nearing extinction.

GERMENA - a valley near Jeru-salem where children were sacrificed to Moloch, and consequently considered a place of abomination; hence, hell in the modern acceptance of the word.

A 1952 Old Eagle Eye interpretation - to bomb a nation ditto to the above - Hell on Earth.

#### Germana

The Commentary of the Jewish Talmud containing sayings of the early doctors not found in the Mishna.

#### GENERAL

#### SYNOD

The highest ecclesiastical court of the Reformed Dutch Church in America.

#### GENERAL ASSEMBLY

In the U.S. a state (click-code) legislature; in the Presbyterian Church, the highest ecclesiastical tribunal, composed of ministers and ruling elders from each presbytery.

#### HEROAN

Of or pertaining to Crete or the Cretans during the period from 3000 to 1100 B.C.

#### HELLENISM (ism)

space of 1000 years especially that period during which Satan will be bound and CHRIST will reign on earth; hence Time Of Great Happiness.

#### GLAUSTONTIAN (ian)

Pertaining to W.E. Gladstone (1809-1898) - British Statesman popularly called "The Grand Old Man" a follower of Gladstone in politics; a liberal who favored Home Rule for Ireland.

#### Germanian (ism)

German Silver

A few QUICK thanks - to

LA POLICE in answering an emergency call Jan. 8.

First hand information thru

"SPIRIT / ALMIGHTY"

3941 So. Hill Street,  
Los Angeles, California.

An apology to PostMaster Fanning, for omitting Zone number on the above address - "IT" was not on card received.

McQuiffy Society

Starting on "ITS" 21st year of growth. Meets 2nd Tuesday each month - 8:00 P.M. Clifton's Bldg.

To members of the Poetry Club,  
a growing child of  
THE ALLIANCE OF FINE ARTS  
meets first Monday of each month, 8:00 P.M. Clifton's Bldg.

Thanks to blood relatives and in-law that brot tips from France thru Honore de Balsec - and our own Civil War that cost Lincoln his life.

Last but not least

to the modern writers of today that cling to the culture and refinement of our yesterdays: U.A.P.A. Editors: Editors and Columnist of our local papers with special thanks to Daily News Jan 8/9, Los Angeles Examiner 8/10.

Plug for

Riley M. Geary,  
820 No. 3rd. St.,  
Phoenix, Arizona.

Publisher - cartoonist - song writer, books - records; met Mr. Geary, McQuiffy Society Jan. 8, a nice person to know.

X-PN 4827

Vol. 1 Num 7

February 1962

#### VARIETY AMATEUR REBEL

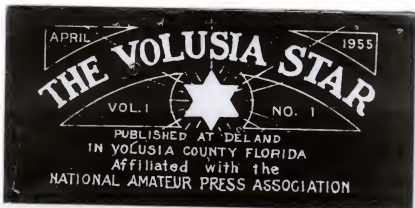
Editor -

OLD EAGLE EYE - Galloup \*E\*

1807 No. Western Ave.,  
Los Angeles 27, Calif.

You U.A.P.A. members remember 1952 is an election year for "WE THE PEOPLE" and I'll be saying Hello! again in March.





X-PN4827 ANNOUNCEMENT 5-MAY-5  
Copy 1955

In the initial issue of this little publication (magazine, you might call it) it begs leave to introduce itself to you with hopes that you may find something of interest and profit from browsing through its pages. It is intended to serve the interests primarily of retired people and those expecting to retire in the not too far distant future, but if others should be interested it is well and good.

It is expected to have circulation principally within the limits of its home county — Volusia County, Florida. However, if a few beams of this little star should stray across the border and fall upon nearby or even remote areas we shall not object at all.

The proposed features are about as follows: Current events with comments, particularly as they may affect retired people; information and news relative to organizations of retired groups; hobbies for retired people; health notes by a reliable authority; poems, such as may entertain, encourage comfort and inspire; notes on the State of Florida — its suitability as a place of retirement; a

# THE VOLUSIA STAR

Primarily for  
Retired People

Also for Any  
One Interested

Published  
IN VOLUSIA COUNTY,  
AT DE LAND, FLORIDA

Member:  
The National Amateur Press Association

VOL. 1 - JUNE, 1955 - NO. 2

#296

TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;  
How I wonder what you are,  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky!

5 - JUL 14  
Copy 1955

X-PN 4827

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

Then the trav'ler in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny spark;  
He could not see where to go,  
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
While you through my window peep,  
And you never shut your eye,  
Till the sun is in the sky.

--Jane Taylor

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On the East Coast of Florida

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VOL. I

OCT. NOV. '35

NO. 1



#298

This is Daytona Beach. It is 23 miles long and 500 feet wide at low tide. It is in Volusia County.

Visit Volusia County. Enjoy Daytona Beach and the many other fine ocean beaches. If you like to fish, try our streams and lakes—and when you can no longer resist it—come make your home with us.

Volusia County is located somewhat north of the mid-point of the East Coast of Florida. It is neither too hot nor too dry. Called "Versatile Volusia" because of the wide range of its productivity, this county embraces more than 700,000 acres of Florida's most fertile land.

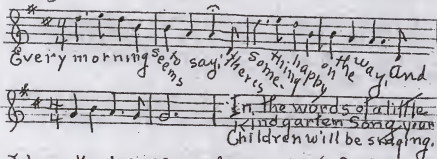
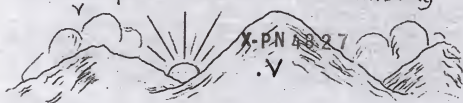
# Valentine Edition of "Grosby Grooninas".

"Heartv" Greetingas to All!

5 - FEB 24  
Copy ----- 1956

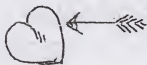
Valentine time!

Good St. Valentine is on his way,  
Doo capture hearts on this his Day



Yes, straight from the heart of God, the  
Creator our hearts & of all human loves,  
Comes the impulse of His love to men & you  
He was responsible for the Cupid Darts  
That wing their way between human hearts.

— All true loves are of God. —





## Visiting Firemen

## Rebel-Yank Issue

BLAZE ELEVEN JANUARY 1961

## SUMMIT CONFERENCE (?)

Friday the Thirteenth saw the fortuitous arrival at Shady Acre of Becky (NAPA) Greenhouse of Brooklyn, & Mark (UAPA, LBT) McKenzie of N'th C'line, suhl, calling on Martin B. (NAPA, AAPA, LBT, & FOSSILS) & Willametta (NAPA, UAPA, UAPAA, APA, BAPA, & FOSSILS) Keffer.

Becky works for VA and had an unexpected vacation ("use it or lose it") foisted on her, so headed South, planning to visit Natural Bridge, Luray Caverns and other famous Virginia landmarks, so naturally came to Roanoke. She registered at the Big Dipper Motel, whose owner, a friend of ours, drove her to Shady Acree at 11 a. m. We expected Mark's bus at 5:58 p. m. but it came at 4:58. He was registered at Shady Acree Private Motel.

With this preface we hand the composing stick to Becky, but we warn you the gal has a sense of humor and we don't vouch for the truth of the following scurrilous remarks which Becky insists:



## THE VICTIM

Two minutes before Flight 43 was due to leave, the last passenger boarded the plane, and walked quietly down the aisle, causing many to glance, first casually, and then with interest, at the trim figure.

Pausing before the only vacant seat, she said in a soft rich voice: "I think this is seat 28?"

Charles Osgood glanced up from his paper, then, instinctively, he arose, saying: "Yes, it is, but would you prefer the window seat?"

"Thank you, neither will do nicely," came the reply, and she reached to throw her coat into the rack overhead. Then she seated herself and with none of the flurry and preparation which usually precedes a woman preparing herself for a trip of any kind, she leaned her head back against the cushion and closed her eyes, just as the plane got under way.

Charles Osgood had a chance to study her face for a moment, and he was struck by something which haunted him—it was not a beautiful face, as he had sought for a word he would have used "serenity" as the Republic, but there was something tragic in her eyes, and even now, with those eyes closed, tragedy remained on the face, even in repose.

He came to himself with a start, realizing that he had been guilty of staring, and returned to the headlines on his paper. Several columns passed, and suddenly Charles growled: "The damned one!"

"I beg your pardon?" The woman beside him sat up and looked at him curiously.

"I beg YOUR pardon! Charles said, pointing to a news item spread across two columns of the first page of the paper he held. "I was so mad, when reading this item—I guess I forgot where I was!"

She smiled faintly and relaxed again against the cushion. "More McCarthyism?" she murmured.

"No; something much worse. This is the story of a maniac who has been trying to destroy a perfectly innocent employee, for revenge."

"Involving thousands of dollars, I suppose?" She really did not sound interested—just polite.

"Nothing so tame as that", Charles folded the paper and faced her. "This is something new, at least in this country. He tried to drive his victim insane, in order to have his revenge. He lost his position because it was discovered that he was a mental case; and he had to blame someone—you know, crazy people always think it is the other fellow. So he chose the one person who had tried to help him. They say a mental case always turns against the ones they love".

Silence. Glancing at her, he saw that she was very white; and suddenly he knew the answer to the tragic look on her face.

"Are you all right?" he touched her hand gently.

"Quite".

"We land at six; will you have dinner with me?"

"Why?" The eyes remained closed.

"I am a doctor—I think it will do you good to talk to one who understands".

by MARY LAVINIA SILVIA  
327 So. ST.  
HOLDROCK, MASS

THIS STORY IS THE WINNING ENTRY IN THE "IMAGINATION CONTEST" SPONSORED BY BEVERLEY L. BAIKY IN THE MAY ISSUE OF THE THREE MAINE-IACS. CONGRATULATIONS MARY I. SILVIA!